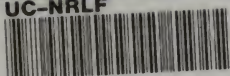


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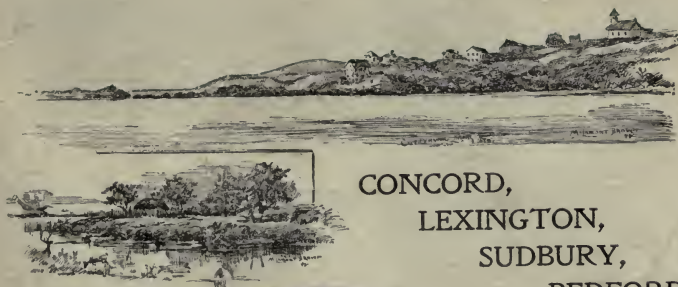
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El Guide . . .
TO
CONCORD, MASS.,
and Other Historic Places.



CONCORD,
LEXINGTON,
SUDBURY,
BEDFORD,
ACTON,
BOSTON.



FMA
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Old Flag
Carried at Concord, 1775.

CONCORD

THE BIRTHPLACE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
and the HOME OF EMERSON AND ALCOTT,
of HAWTHORNE AND THOREAU.



WOOD PUBLISHING COMPANY.

HUDSON, MASS.

Gift
Mr. Emma C. Perry

To the Reader



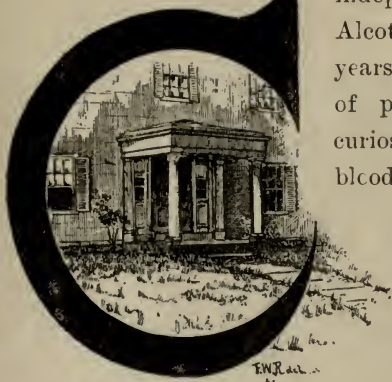
HIS book is not alone designed as a handbook or guide to those people who intend to visit the historic and literary fields of Concord, but contains illustrations of many historic places in the vicinity of Concord, Boston and other sections of the state, and also of relics of great antiquity, which must be of interest to the general reader. The views have been selected with much care and will be found exact reproductions of nature, or counterparts of the handicraft of our forefathers a century or more ago. In the future it will prove a pleasant reminder of your visit to these historic scenes, and a handy book of reference.





MINUTE MAN.

This statue of the Minute Man was designed by a Concord artist and dedicated on the one hundredth anniversary of the "Concord fight."



CONCORD, the first battle ground of American independence and the home of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne and Thoreau, as the years go by, becomes more and more a place of pilgrimage for those who have the curiosity to witness the spot where the first blood was shed in defence not only of the thirteen Commonwealths, but in the effort to establish a free and independent republic on these shores. And also for perhaps a much larger class, whose literary tastes lead them to the quiet loveliness of Concord,

“ Its silver lakes that unexhausted gleam,
And peaceful woods beside the cottage door.”

Says a writer: “We value these not so much for their own grace and charm as for the pleasure they gave to Emerson and his friends, who have made the name of Concord as famous in America as Stratford is in England. Most of all do we think of Emerson there,—since to him, more than to all the rest does the town owe its celebrity.”

**Where the Troops
Met the Crowned
Kings.**



ON the crest of the hill where the monument stands, the minute men and militia formed before marching down to the front at the bridge, and their position in the fight is well represented

by the statue. Said Rev. Mr. Woodbury in his famous speech delivered before the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1851 :

“God did well to select old Middlesex, and the loved and revered center of old Middlesex, namely, Concord, as the spot not where this achievement was to be completed, but where it was to be begun, and well begun; where the troops of crowned kings were to meet, not the troops of the people, but the people themselves; and be routed and beaten from the field; and what is more, and what is better, *stay beaten*—we hope, we doubt not, till the end of time.”



THE SCENE OF THE SCRIMMAGE AT LEXINGTON, APRIL 19, 1775.



CONCORD may be reached via the Fitchburg or Boston & Maine railroads. A few steps below the station of the latter can be seen the "Minute Man" on his granite base, who, having met and turned back the approaching soldiers of King George, still holds his ground.

The Old Barrett House.

About two miles distant along the track is the old Barrett house, and near it the old college road, recalling the fact that in the following winter Harvard College was removed to Concord to allow its buildings to be used by Revolutionary soldiers.

Leaving the station, take the short street leading eastward, nearly parallel with the railroad; turning from which to the left into Monument street, you will pass along the road followed by the British to the old North bridge, and crossing the track you will soon reach on the left the old Manse.

Capt. Davis Pierced by a Musket Ball.

On the other side of the street, nearly opposite is another of the old houses of Concord, in the L of which, near one of the windows, may be seen a diamond-shaped mark, showing at its center the hole made by a British bullet on the day of the fight. Fastened directly over it is a fragment of the old bridge. Placed on the lawn in front is a large stone which was originally one of the stepping-stones of the causeway beyond the bridge, for use when the water was high; and over which Capt. Isaac Davis fell, instantly killed by the volley of British guns which opened the fight.

Where the Decisive Blow was Struck.

Passing on, you will come directly to the turn at the left marked "Battle Ground," which will bring you, through a short avenue of trees, to the spot where the initial and decisive blow of our country was struck. The bridge of that day was indeed a "rude," simple structure; yet equal to any famed in history in the importance of the event that here took place. On this side of the river, evenly dividing the way, is the monument erected in 1836, marking the ground occupied by the British, and stating, as was the fact, that here was made "the first forcible resistance to British aggression." The



THE OLD BARRETT HOUSE.

result of this resistance is suggested in a small enclosure at the left marked by stone posts and chain, where two British soldiers, killed and left on the ground, were buried. The space beyond the river, which rises into a little hill a short distance from it, bears the genial name of Battle Lawn. On the crest of this hill "the minute men and militia formed before marching down to the front at the bridge," this being the inscription on the tablet which marks the spot.



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

**Monument
Square.**

From this birthplace of our liberty we pass down Monument street to Monument square, in the midst of which stands the soldiers' monument, commemorating Concord's participation in the civil war. From here we enter the Lexington road, up which the British marched, and back which they fled on that April day.

**Old Hill
Burying Ground.**

At the left rises the Old Hill burying ground, where is the grave of Major John Butterick, who led our men at the bridge. On it the British officers, Major Pitcairn and

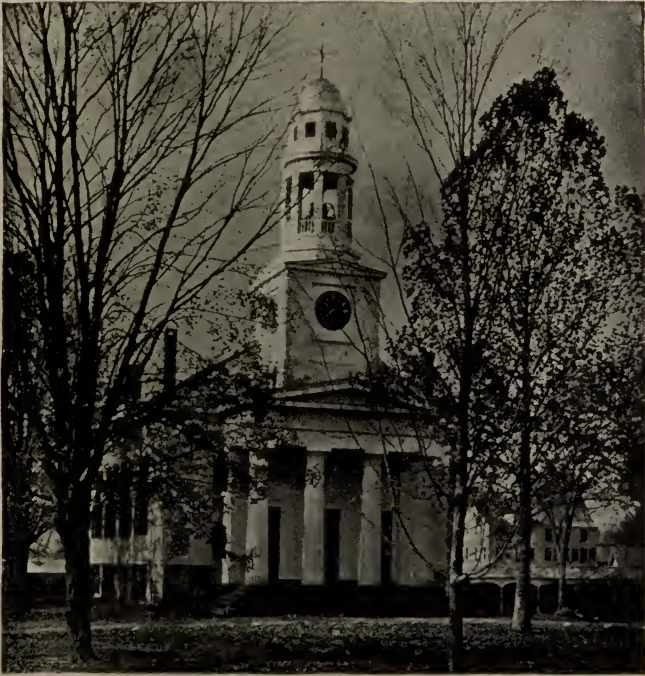


MERRIAM'S CUCKER.

Colonel Smith watched the movements of their soldiers, and of ours also, arriving from different towns. A little eastward stood the Concord liberty pole, which was cut down by the British before the fight.

**Wright Tavern and
Old Meeting House.**

TO your right as you enter this road, at its junction with Main street, is the old Wright tavern, built in 1747, into which that morning Major Pitcairn entered, boasting over his brandy that he would win the day. The build-



UNITARIAN MEETING HOUSE

Where the first Provincial Congress met October 11, 1774.

ing is thought to retain much of the general appearance it then had. It was once kept by Oliver Brown, one of the members of the "Boston Tea Party." Just beyond, on the same side, stands the Unitarian meeting-house, which then fronted toward the tavern, and which contains some of the timbers of the original structure built in 1712. The tablet in front of it will tell you that here the first provincial Congress met Oct. 11, 1774.



HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Antiquarian House.



PROCEEDING you will next come to the Antiquarian house on the left, denoted by its swinging sign between two trees. It is an historical building of antique style, in

which a hundred years ago knapsacks and cartridges were made. It is now owned by the Antiquarian Society, and is filled with colonial relics and curiosities.

A Literary Atmosphere.

A little farther down this road you enter a section of the town over which rests, in a special degree, the atmosphere of its literary history; seeming almost to soften the sterner and earlier revolutionary associations belonging to this highway. At the divergence from it on the right of the Cambridge turnpike, within a setting of pine trees on the side of your approach, is the house, a large square building, which was Ralph Waldo Emerson's home. It is the restoration as closely as possible of the house which was partially destroyed by fire in 1873. It abounds with memorials of the distinguished essayist and poet; the view of it is quickly suggestive of the intellectual influence which has radiated from it so widely into the world. Its rooms, especially the front parlor, have echoed to the footsteps and voices of Thoreau, the Alcotts, father and daughter, Margaret Fuller, and others, who made it a center of social and literary interchange. Nearly half a mile beyond on the left is the Orchard house, the home for many years of the Alcott family, and the place where the Concord school of philosophy was opened by Mr. Alcott. The "Hillside Chapel," wherein its annual meetings were held, stands west of the house and farther in from the street. On the same side of the road, separated from the Alcott house by a wooded growth, is the Concord home of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Adjoining these grounds may be seen the parent vine of the Concord grape, originated by Mr. Ephraim Bull. Nearly a mile beyond is Merriam's Corner, where the inscription on the boulder, reads: "Merriam's Corner—The British Troops, retreating from the Old North Bridge, were here attacked in flank by the men of Concord and neighboring towns, and driven under a hot fire to Charlestown." And in this part of the town another mile farther on stands the old square house in which Thoreau was born.



THE ORCHARD HOUSE.



ORCHARD HOUSE AND SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

"Sleepy Hollow."



ETURN to Monument square, turn into Bedford street, and you come to "Sleepy Hollow." It is a hollow, indeed, enclosed as if in sheltering embrace by a mighty arm of earth; a pecu-

liar formation, of which the part sweeping round before you on entering rises into a high ridge. Crossing over and ascending the hill by Ridge path, you find within a small space, on the highest plateau of the ridge, the special graves you wish to see, those of Thoreau, the Alecetts, Hawthorne and Emerson; that of Emerson being marked by a monument of pink quartz, attractive in rugged naturalness as taken from its original bed.

Returning to the square again, you pass up Main street, the Concord river not far, though hidden from it on the right, you will observe at the junction of Main and Sudbury streets the beautiful Public Library building, the gift of a native citizen, Mr. William Munroe; within which, aside from its books, are busts, portraits and other objects commemorating the local history of the town. Among the many quiet and goodly residences you will pass is that of the late Judge Hoar on the right, and above on the other side the house in which Thoreau lived several years, and in which he died. Beyond the river is Lee's hill.

Other Streets.

From Main and Thoreau streets, through Sudbury street, passing the Fitchburg station, you come to Stow street opposite the Public Library. On this street you pass the High and the Emerson school; in line with which on Hubbard street is the Ripley school, named for a former master. Turning into this street from the left, you see at its junction with Walden street, the meeting house of the Trinitarian church, and from which, a mile and a half eastward is Walden pond, the scene of so much of Thoreau's life. To those who come by the Fitchburg railroad or by teams or bicycles, it would be well to make Monument square the starting point, from which place the old North bridge, Sleepy Hollow and the other places of interest are easily reached. The Fitchburg station can be reached by Thoreau street, leading off of Main street, or the Boston & Maine station by the Lowell road.



THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE.

Where

**The Old North
Bridge.**



AWTHORNE thus graphically and briefly describes the bridge and the incidents which made it historical:—
“Here we are at the point where the river was crossed by the old bridge, the poses-

sion of which was the immediate object of the contest. On the hither side grow two or three elms, throwing a wide circumference of shade, but which must have been planted at some period within the three score years and ten that have passed since the battle-day. On the farther shore, overhung by a clump of elder bushes, we discern the stone abutment of the bridge. Looking down into the river, I once discovered some heavy fragments of the timbers, all green with half a century's growth of water-moss; for during that length of time the tramp of horses' and human footsteps have ceased along this ancient highway. The stream has here about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm—a space not too wide when the bullets were whistling across. Old people who dwell hereabouts will point out the very spots on the western bank where our countrymen fell down and died; and on this side of the river an obelisk of granite has grown up from the soil that was fertilized with British blood. The monument, not more than twenty feet in height, is such as it befitted the inhabitants of a village to erect in illustration of a matter of local interest rather than what was suitable to commemorate an epoch of national history. Still, by the fathers of the village, this famous deed was done; and their descendants might rightfully claim the privilege of building a memorial.”

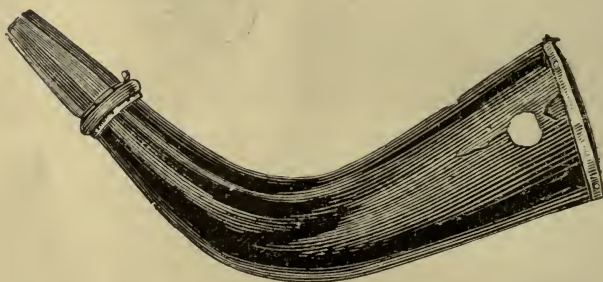


The Old Flag.



HERE is an interesting history connected with the old flag shown on the title page of this book. As the minute men had been hastily organized, they had no regular

adopted standard, and Nathaniel Page took the old flag that had been carried by his ancestors in former wars. After the scenes of that memorable day it was returned to the Page house, and there kept until the 19th of April, 1875, when it was carried by a delegation of Bedford citizens in the procession at the centennial celebration at Concord, and ten years later it was presented by Capt. Cyrus Page to the town of Bedford. Mr. Appleton, of the Mass. Historical Society said, that in his opinion "this flag far exceeded in historic value the famed flag of Eutaw and Pulask's banner, and, in fact, is the most precious memorial of its kind we have any knowledge of."



The Historic Powder Horn.



WORN at Lexington by James Hayward, an Acton man, and through which he was shot and killed on that eventful 19th of April. His father Dea. Samuel

Hayward, had time to reach his son before he breathed his last. When asked by his father, if he was sorry he turned out, he pointed to his bullet pouch and said: "I started out with one pound of powder and forty balls, you see what is left." The historian tells us he had used all but three of them. "Tell mother I am not sorry and ask her not to mourn too much for me. I die willingly for my country. And tell her whom I loved better than my mother—you know whom I mean—that I am not sorry. I shall never see her again. May I meet her in heaven."

**Inscriptions
on Historical
Tablets.**



On a panel cut in Egg Rock at the junction of the rivers :

On the hill Nashawtuck
at the meeting of the rivers
and along the banks
lived the Indian owners of
Musketaquid
before the white man came.

On a slate in the wall of the Hill Burying-ground :

On this Hill
the settlers of Concord
built their meeting house
near which they were buried
on the southern slope of the ridge
were their dwellings during
the first winter
below it they laid out
their first road and
on the summit stood the
liberty pole of the Revolution.

On a Bronze plate set in granite on Lowell Road, near Square:

Here in the house of the
REVEREND PETER BULKELEY
first minister and one of the
founders of this town
a bargain was made with the
Squaw Sachem the Sagamore Tahattawam
and other Indians
who then sold their right in
the six miles square called Concord
to the English planters
and gave them peaceful possession
of the land
A. D. 1636.

On a panel in a stone west of the Three-Arch Bridge:

On this farm dwelt
SIMON WILLARD
one of the founders of Concord
who did good service for
Town and Colony
for more than forty years.

On a bronze plate set in granite on west side of the Square:

Near this spot stood
the first town house
used for town meetings
and the county courts
1721-1794.

On a stone by the road northwest of the Minute Man:

On this field
the Minute Men and Militia
formed before marching
down to the
fight at the Bridge.

On a stone at the junction of the Old Bedford and Lexington Roads
(Merriam's Corner):

The British troops
retreating from the
Old North Bridge
were here attacked in flank
by the men of Concord
and neighboring towns
and driven under a hot fire
to Charlestown.

On a bronze plate set in granite near the sidewalk on grounds of the First Parish:

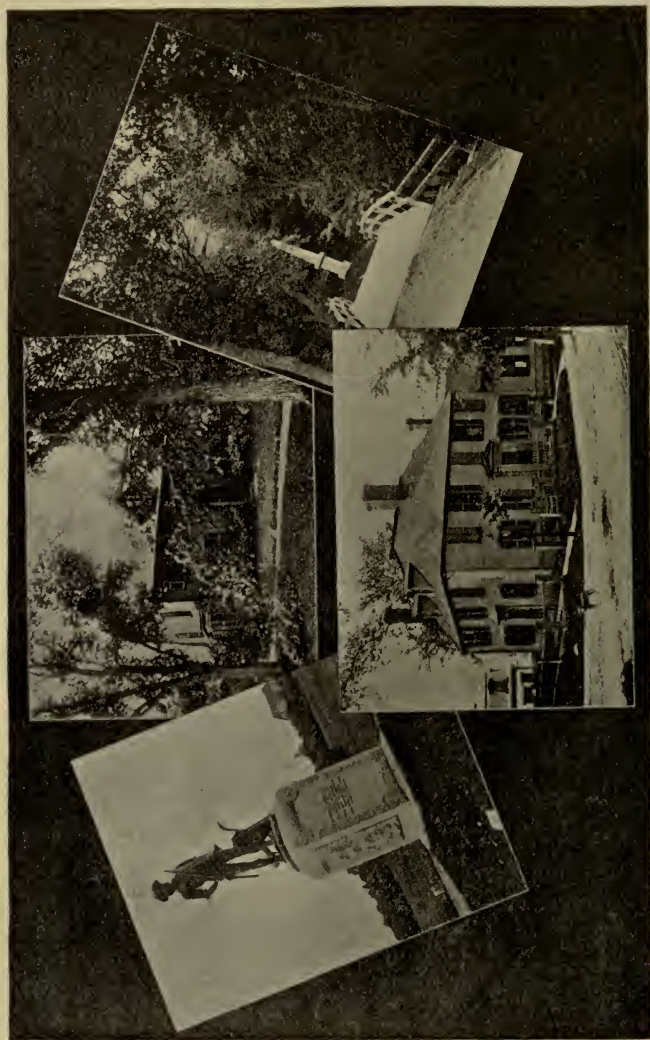
THE FIRST PROVINCIAL CONGRESS

of delegates from the towns of
MASSACHUSETTS
was called by conventions of
the people to meet at Concord on the
eleventh day of October 1774.

The delegates assembled here
in the meeting house on that day,
and organized
with John Hancock as President
and Benjamin Lincoln as Secretary.

Called together to maintain
the rights of the people,
THIS CONGRESS
assumed the government of the province
and by its measures prepared the way
for the war of the Revolution.



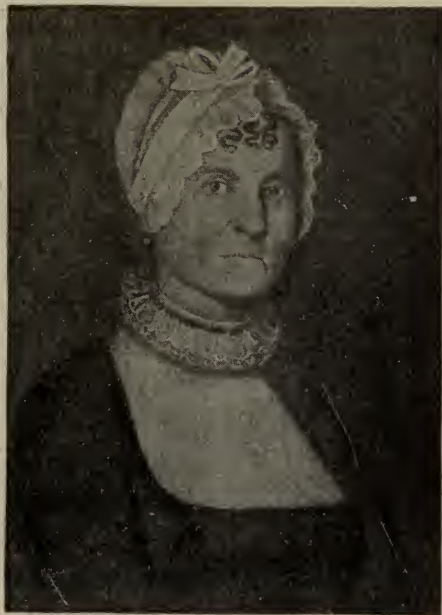


MINUTE MAN.

OLD MANSE.
WRIGHT TAVERN.

MONUMENT.

**A Heroine
of the Concord
Fight.**



WE give herewith a copy of a portrait of one of the heroines of the Revolution, Alice Stearns, who while her father and brother were hastening to the scene of the battle at the North Bridge, she with two other older sisters, in the neighboring town of Bedford, were engaged in preparation of supplies for the army by making cartridges. The portrait was painted in 1801.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HIS STUDY.

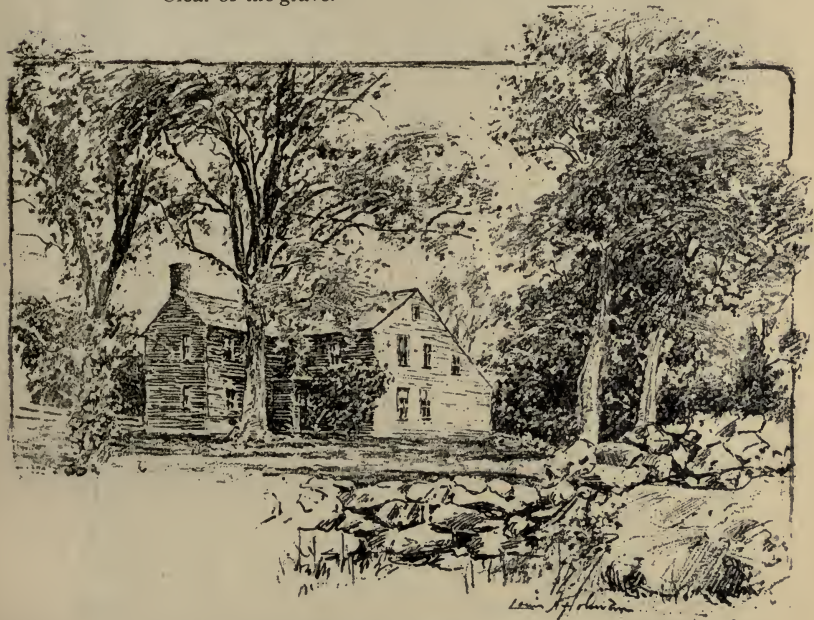
HIS GRAVE.

HIS HOME.

**The Story of Rural
Concord for two
Centuries.**

EMERSON in "Hamatreaya," a poem with a mystical title, told in a few lines the story of rural Concord for two centuries:

"Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Merriam, Flint,
Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and wood.
Where are these men? Asleep beneath their ground,
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plow,
Each laughs in flowers to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
Who steer the plow, but cannot steer their feet
Clear of the grave."

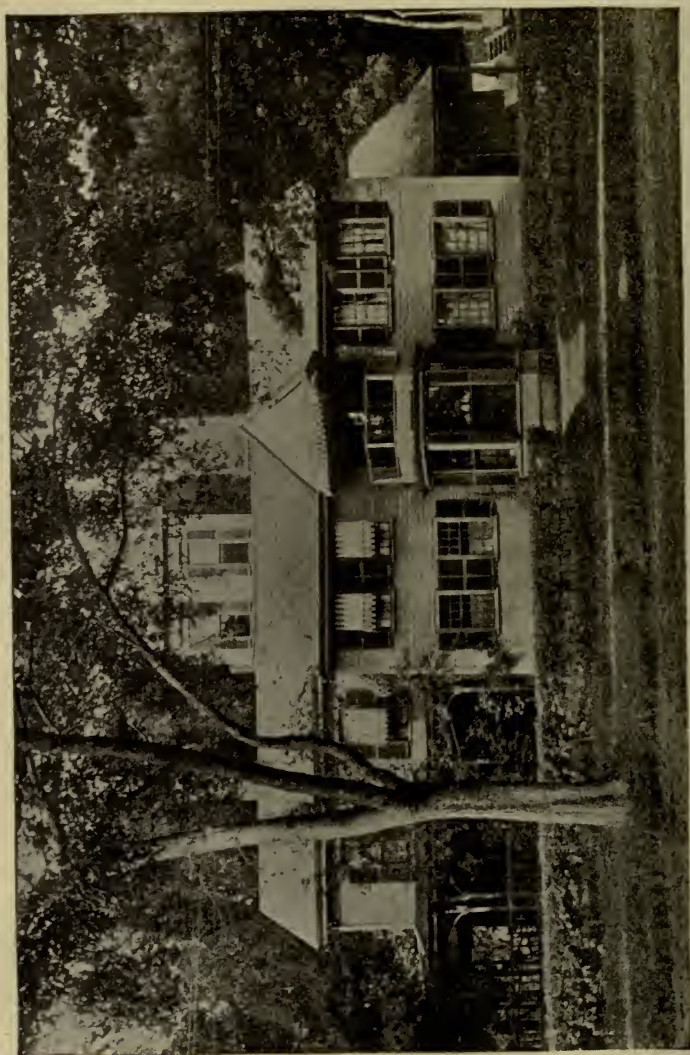


THE EDMUND HOSMER PLACE.

A neighbor and friend of Emerson for many years was Edmund Hosmer, a farmer, whose picturesque dwelling by the river is here represented, and over whose well-tilled acres Emerson was fond of walking and of leading his companions.

**"Concord is his
Monument."**

Henry Thoreau was born in the old fashioned house which a sketch by Miss Richardson has restored to its primitive aspect, and though standing yet it has been removed to another site and has lost the quaint sloping roof which gave to it an old world character.



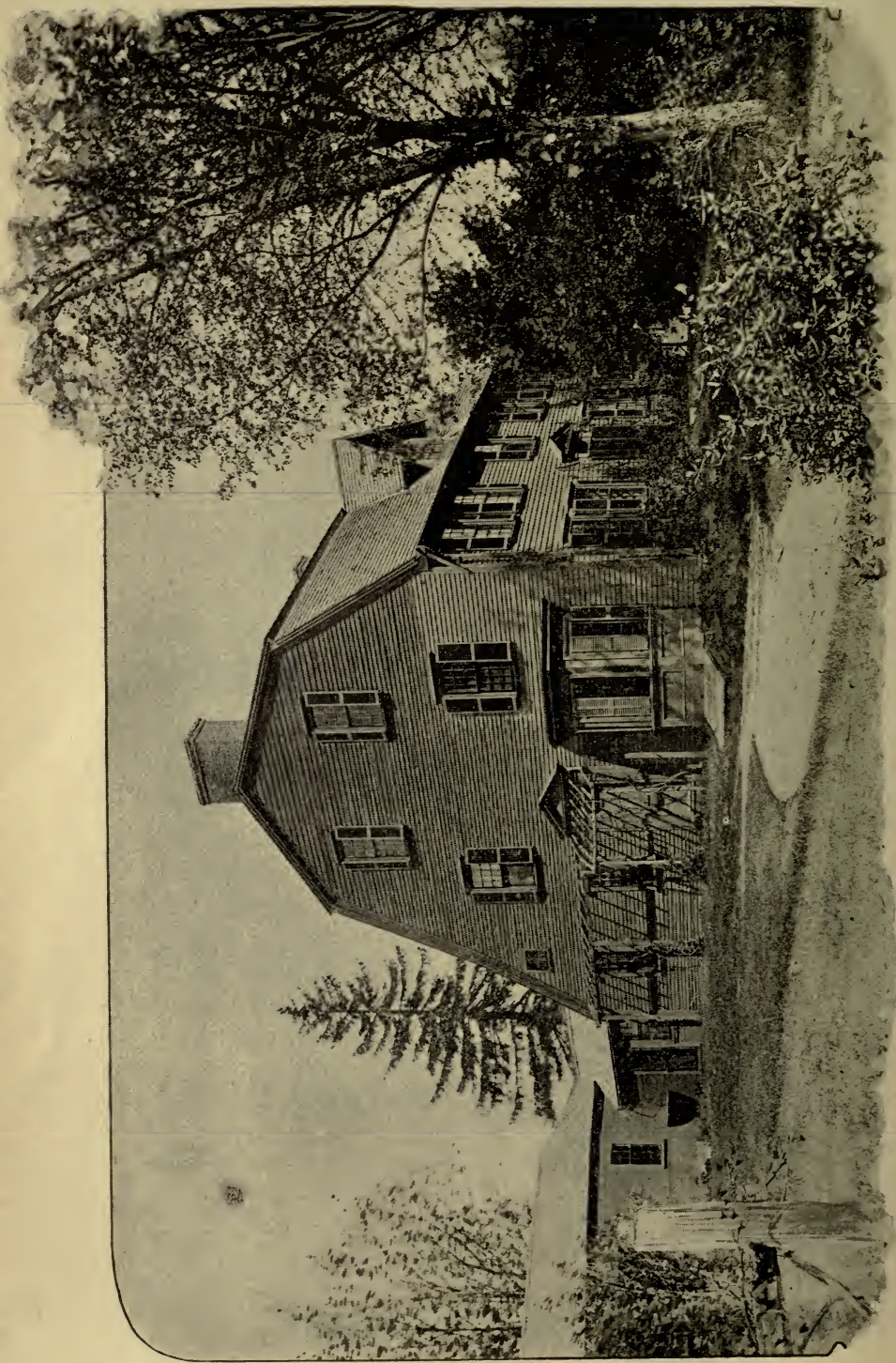
HAWTHORNE'S WAYSIDE.

"The Wayside."



THE Concord home of Nathaniel Hawthorne seen on opposite page, was named by him "The Wayside." Of the rear central part of this house in which was once kept a

post office for the neighborhood, the "time of building antedates all traditions." It was sold to Mr. Alcott by the son of a revolutionary officer in 1845, and by him to Mr. Hawthorne in 1852. Here was the home of the "Little Women," Jo, Meg, Beth and Amy. Among other improvements made by Mr. Hawthorne, after his return from England and Italy, was the erection upon the main structure of the large, square room which he called "the tower," and which was his study. It was in this house that before going to Europe he wrote the *Tanglewood Tales*; and after returning the English sketches entitled "Our Old Home." And here he was at work on "Septimus Felton," when death obliged him to leave the romance unfinished; the scene of which was this house and the period that of the Revolution. The place was sold by his son-in-law, Mr. Geo. P. Lothrop, in 1883, to Mr. Daniel Lothrop, well-known and gratefully remembered as a publisher of juvenile literature. It is now owned and occupied by his widow, who, as "Margaret Sidney" is the writer of numerous children's books and articles for magazines; and who is the President of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution.



THE OLD MANSE.

The Old Manse.



THE Manse, the ancient residence of the parish minister at Concord, was built in 1765, for the

Rev. William Emerson. There, in a small back room on the second floor, commanding a view of the river, the old North Bridge, and the battlefield of 1775, Emerson has written his "Nature," six years before; and in the same apartment Hawthorne prepared for the press his "Mosses from an Old Manse." "The study," as he says in his account of the old house, "had three windows set with little, old-fashioned panes of glass, each with a crack across it;" and it does not require much imagination, nor perhaps any violation of history, to suppose that these are the self-same panes through which the sun shone at the time of Concord fight. The cracks in them may have been caused by the concussions of musketry on that memorable April morning. In the opening chapter of "Mosses from an Old Manse," Hawthorne makes the reader acquainted with his new abode:—"Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black-ash trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway towards the village burying ground. * * * It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored personages of England, in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house and hover over it as with an atmosphere."





HAWTHORNE.

THOREAU'S MAIN STREET HOME.
THE WAYSIDE.

THOREAU.



This was the "Eastern Hill" opposite the old Manse. Emerson loved this spot, and wrote in his journal: "I went Sunday evening at sundown, to the top of Dr. Ripley's hill and renewed my vows to the genius of that place. Somewhat of awe, somewhat grand and solemn mingled with the beauty that shined afar, around. I beheld the river like God's love, journeying out of the gray past into the green future."

The Eastern Hill

Concord 90



THOREAU'S BIRTH PLACE



MR. ALCOTT.

ORCHARD HOUSE.
HILLSIDE CHAPEL.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



THE BAKER FARM.

“ Cell of seclusion,
Haunt of old time,
Rid of confusion,
Empty of crime;

Landscape where the richest element
Is a little sunshine innocent.

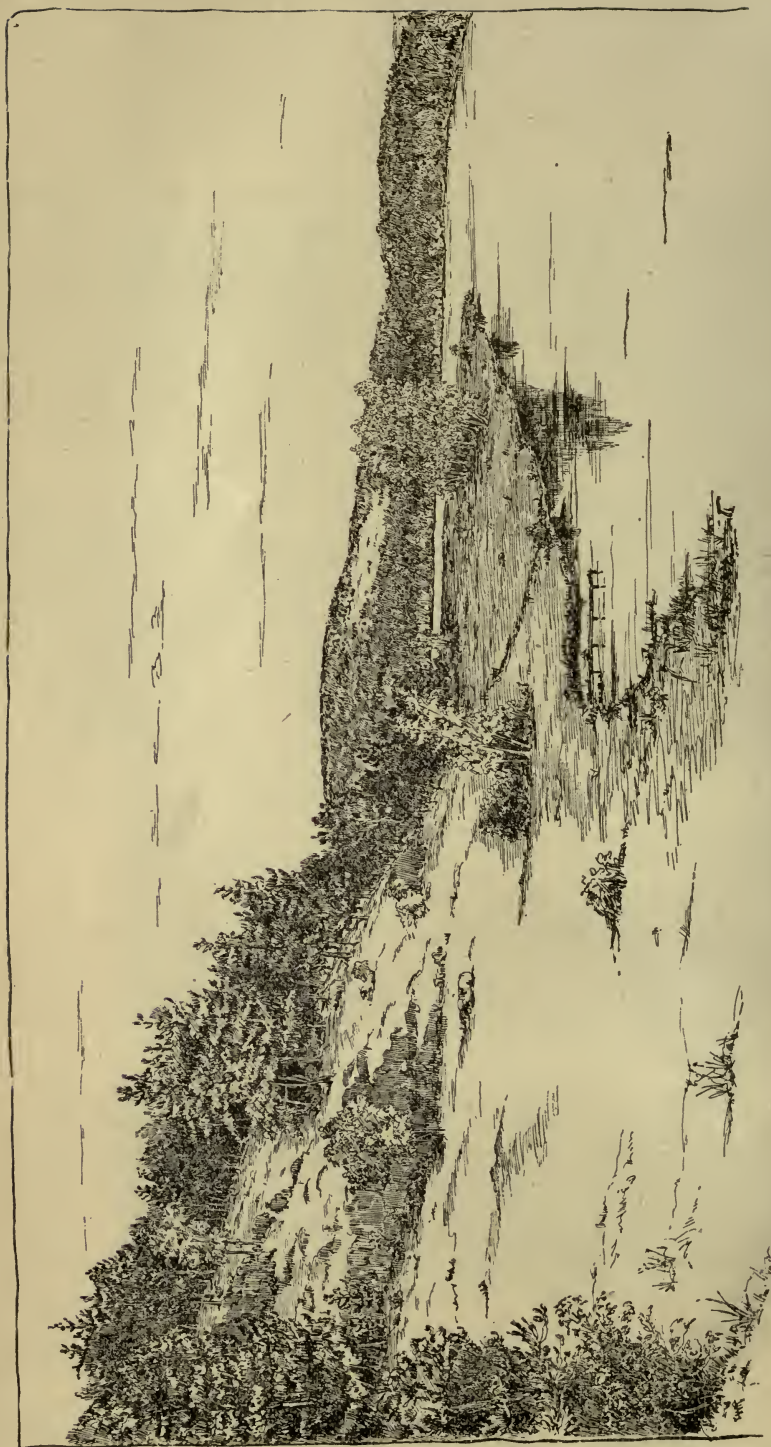
“ In thy insidious marsh,
In thy cold, opaque wood,
Thy artless meadows,
And forked orchard’s writhing mood,
Still Baker Farm!
There lies in thee a fourfold charm.

“ And here a poet builded
In the completed years,—
For behold! a trivial cabin
That to destruction steers.

And west trends blue Fairhaven bay,
O’er whose stained rocks the white pines
sway;

And south slopes Nobscot grand,
And north the still Cliffs stand.

“ Pan of unwrinkled cream,
May some poet dash thee in his churn!
And, with thy beauty mad,
Verse thee in rhymes that burn,—
Thy beauty—the beauty of Baker Farm.



CONANTUM AND FAIRHAVEN BAY.

These worshippers of nature selected for their homes where surrounding views could be had from the hilltops. Emerson had his Eastern hill; Channing his cottage on the hill; Alcott his "Hillside," and Thoreau worshiped from many hilltops. One of these, called "Conantum," was a part of the large farm of Eben Conant, and looked down upon Fairhaven Bay and Baker Farm.



THE THOREAU-ALCOTT HOUSE.

The Thoreau-Alcott House.



HIS house stood on the right hand of the "Virginia Road" as you come from Lexington to Concord by that route,—“an old fashioned, winding, at length deserted pathway.”

Thoreau, while a child, was brought to the village of Concord and in that village and the surrounding woods he lived nearly all his life. He died in the Alcott-Thoreau house, in May, 1862.

The Friends Together by the Winding River.

It was partly chance and partly mutual attraction which brought these friends all together by the winding river in the year 1842. Emerson

was thirty-one, Alcott, thirty-five, Hawthorne, thirty and Thoreau, twenty-five.





"THE LONELY COTTAGE ON THE HILL."

Ellery Channing, looking down from his hill, Ponkawtasset, in 1845, wrote :

"In my small cottage on the lonely hill,
Where like a hermit I must bide my time,
Surrounded by a landscape lying still
All seasons through, as in the winter's prime,—
Rude and as homely as these verses chime,—
I have a satisfaction which no king
Has often felt—or Fortune's happier thing.

"For all about me live New England men,
Their humble houses meet my daily gaze,—
The children of this land, where life again
Flows like a great stream in sunshiny ways;
This is a joy—to know them—and my days
Are filled with love to meditate on them,
These native gentlemen on Nature's hem.

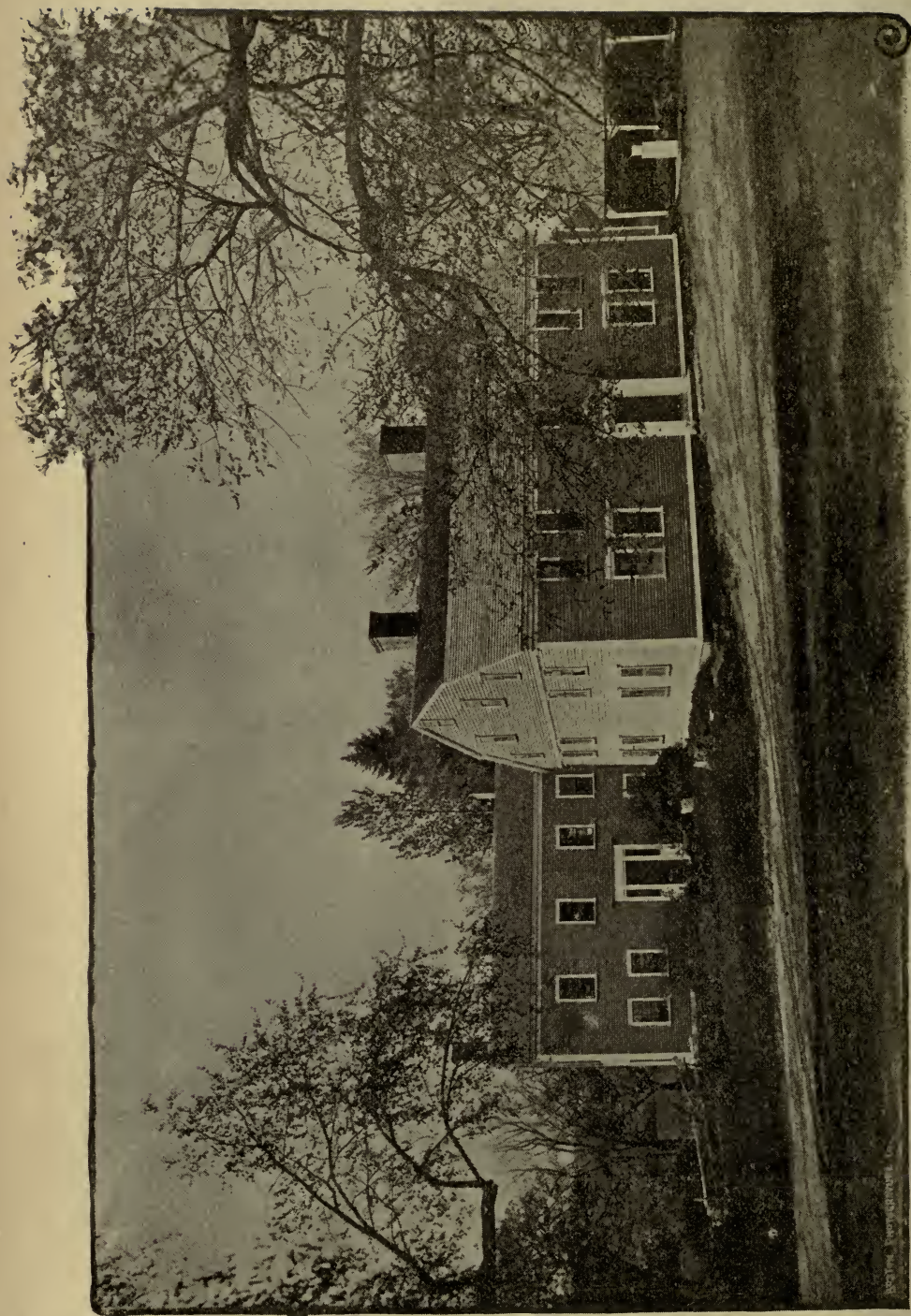
"This man takes pleasure o'er the crackling fire;
His glittering axe subdued the monarch oak;
He earned the cheerful blaze by something higher
Than pensioned blows,—he owned the trees he stroke,
And knows the value of the distant smoke,
When he returns at night, his labor done,
Matched in his action with the long day's sun."



THE SAMUEL HOAR PLACE.

Samuel Hoar married a daughter of Roger Sherman, the Connecticut statesman. He died in 1856. He had two illustrious sons, the late Judge E. Rockwood Hoar and Senator Hoar, the Gladstone of America. This was also the home of Samuel Hoar, Esq., and of Hon. Sherman Hoar—sons of Judge Hoar.





THE OLD "HOWE TAVERN," OR THE FAMOUS "WAYSIDE INN" OF LONGFELLOW.

The Wayside Inn.



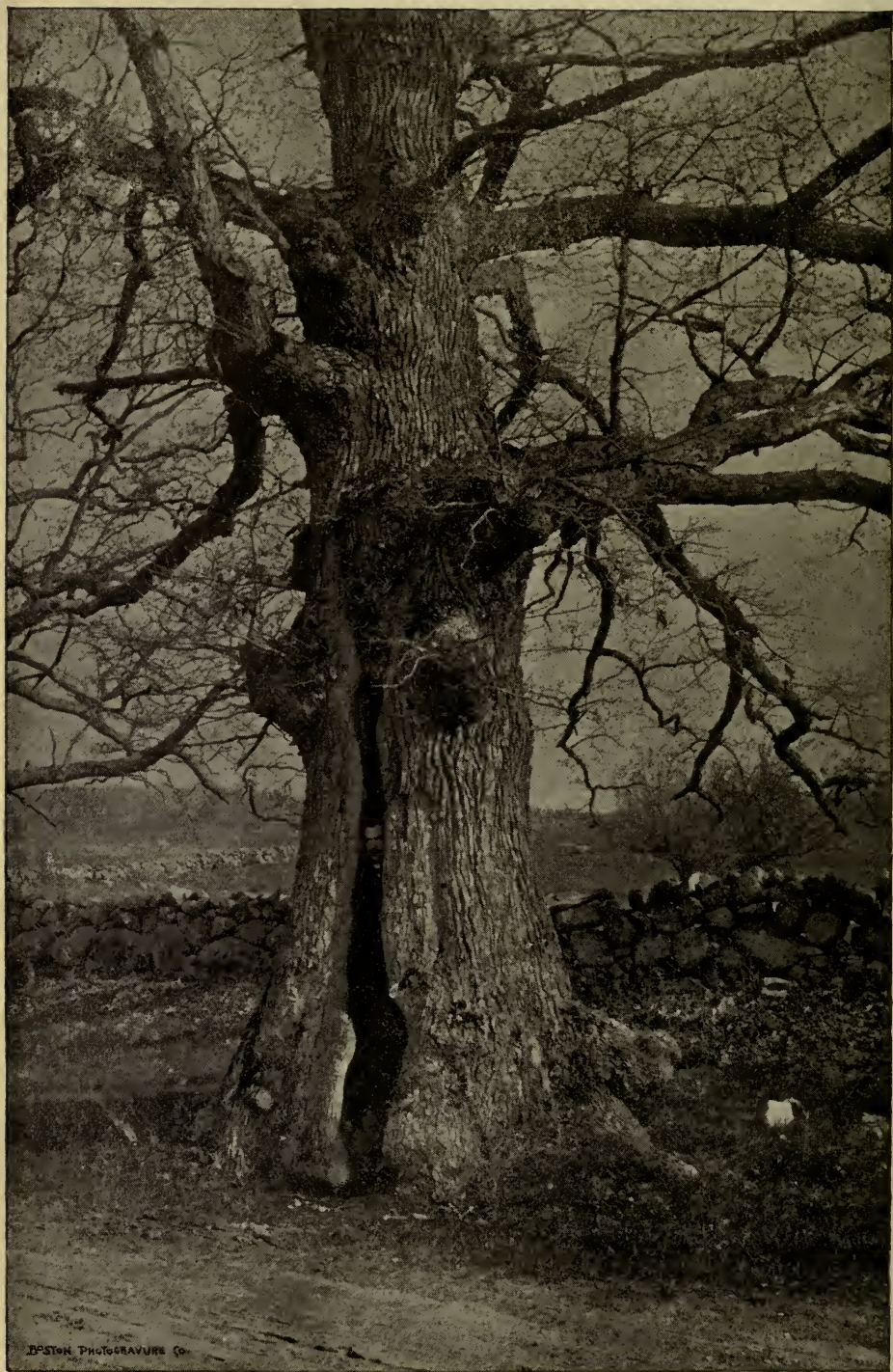
HIS famous hostelry is reached from Concord by the Sudbury road. Every lover of Longfellow knows its history well. The great poet has clothed the ancient landmark with a

romance that has made its name world-wide. About the facts which Longfellow was able to gather from others, he arranged such a setting of romance and legendary lore as his poetic mind knew how to employ, and the story of "The Wayside Inn" has been read by people of all nations. It was built about the beginning of the eighteenth century by Daniel Howe, and was opened as a public house, and for years was known as the "Red Horse." For more than a century and a half this place was kept as an inn. Wrote Longfellow:

"As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With winter stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And chimneys hugh and tiled and tall."

The region about this old ordinary corresponds to the building itself, reminding one of the Sleepy Hollow among the highlands of the Hudson described by Washington Irving. Indeed, so aptly does Longfellow describe the place where the house is situated that we quote further from his beautiful verse.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no railroad speeds
Its torch-race, scattering smoke and gleeds.

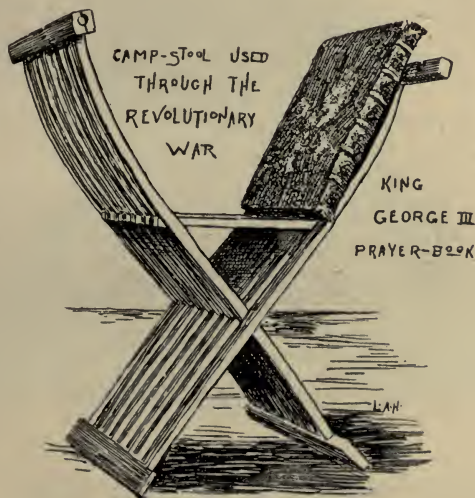


THE OLD OAK AT WAYSIDE INN.

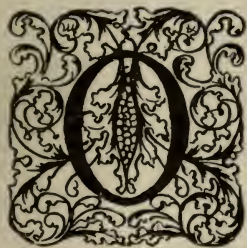
Along the highway to the eastward in the direction of South Sudbury which from this place is about two miles distant, are still standing several ancient oaks. These trees were, doubtless, standing and had considerable growth when lot number forty-eight was of the town's common land, and owned by Tantamous and others who signed the Indian deed in 1684, by which the new grant lands were conveyed. Beneath them Washington and his retinue passed, and perhaps Wadsworth and Brocklebank when they sped in their haste to save Sudbury from Philip, and a long procession of travelers, since the opening of the way to Marlborough from the Hop Brook mill, has passed under their venerable shade. Soldiers to Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and the various expeditions to the west and north in the Revolutionary and French and Indian Wars have halted in their march as they approached this picket line of ancient oaks that were deployed at the approach to the Inn.

**The Old Oak at
Wayside Inn.**

The old oak, a sketch of which is given on the opposite page, stands near the Inn, and within its hollow trunk a party of half a dozen can easily accommodate themselves.







OCCUPYING a commanding position at Sudbury Centre, and overlooking the ancient grave yard where lie buried many of the men who participated in the stirring scenes of the American Revolution, stands a fine memorial in granite, dedicated on June 17, 1896, with impressive ceremonies. The inscriptions on its die in

polished and raised letters are as follows: "Tribute of Sudbury to her Revolutionary Patriots." "Erected 1896, in Honor of the Soldiers and Sailors of Sudbury, who fought at Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill and other battles of the Revolutionary War. 1775—1783." A distinguishing characteristic of the Sudbury monument is the life sized statue of an early Revolutionary soldier which surmounts it. The statue is cut from fine grained, white, Westerly R. I., granite. The design of this figure is believed to be the only one of its kind. The remainder of the structure was quarried at Quincy, Mass. This monument stands seventeen feet high above the foundation and is seven feet square at the base. The late Mrs. Joanna Gleason, who was a descendant from patriotic ancestors, gave one thousand dollars towards the Sudbury monument, and thus aided in the cultivation of a sufficient amount of public spirit to place the old town in the same list with Concord, Lexington and Acton, as regards their contributions to Middlesex county history, in providing monuments to the memory of their noble dead. At the battle of Bunker Hill, Sudbury was represented by three companies, which were commanded by captains from this town. Her sons were also in service at other prominent military engagements, both in and out of New England, and in many instances became noted for their bravery.



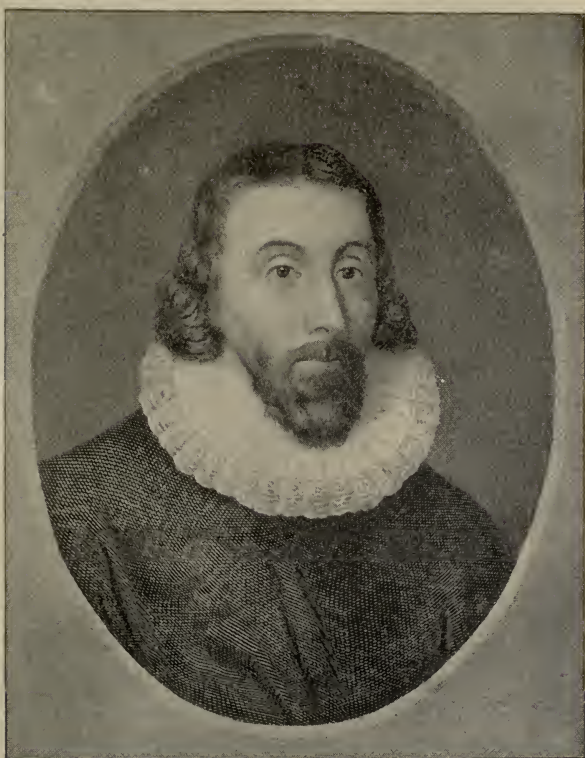


THE TWO BROTHERS ON THE BANKS OF CONCORD RIVER.

**Gov. Winthrop and
His Brother.**



ON the banks of the Concord river near where its waters touch the western border of the town of Bradford, one cannot fail to see ground on which Governor Winthrop and his brother stood two centuries and a half ago—dressed in short clothes, cloak and muff—looking for a home in this young settlement. Here they moor their bark, select their farms and became brothers indeed. The “Two Brothers” still stand out alone, as conspicuous as is the record of the founder of Massachusetts Bay Colony, among the records of his successors in office.



GOV. WINTHROP AND HIS BEDFORD FARM.

**A Bit of Bedford
History.**

FROM a "Chapter of old Bedford history," written by Mr. Abram English Brown, we excerpt many interesting facts. The southern boundary of Governor Winthrop's farm was "Concord old line," one side of the "six mile square" which Rev. Peter Bulkley and his associates purchased of the Indians. Although the governor enjoyed the satisfaction of possessing the land his life was so absorbed in the events of the colony he seldom if ever visited the place afterwards, and fifteen years after his death it was sold to Job Lane of Malden, and he built a house upon the eastern side of the farm. It was used as a garrison during the time of King Phillip's war. The first road laid out from Billerica to Concord, in 1660, crossed the Winthrop farm.

**Mill on the
Shawshine.**



The mill on Shawshine river, which crossed the Winthrop farm before King Phillip's War. It is recorded that the mill was burnt during the Indian outbreak. If so, it was soon rebuilt, and there has been a mill for the accommodation of the farmers ever since.



CHESTNUT AVENUE

The site of the home of Lieut. Stearns, which leads to the residence and historic grounds.

The Old Oak.

ON the extreme southeastern border of the Winthrop farm is a mammoth oak tree, and while many of its companions were sacrificed by the pioneers to build the strong frame of the first meeting house in that town, this tree stands a living monument of many transactions since John Winthrop selected



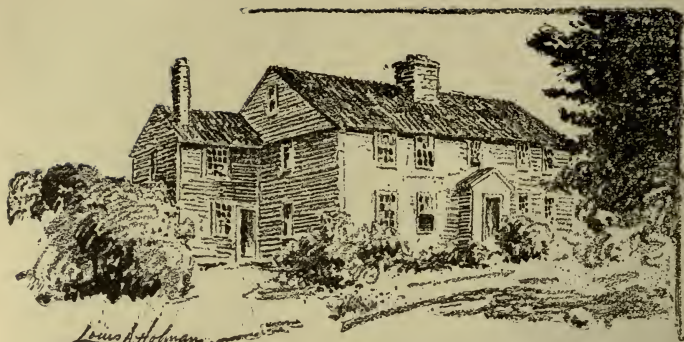
his farm. In the vicinity of this tree, the "minute men" of the town were marshalled in the morning twilight of April 19, 1775; and at the tavern near by, kept by Jeremiah Fitch, the young soldiers who had left their homes at the midnight alarm were given refreshment, before starting for Concord.

Words of their brave captain Jonathan Willson, on leaving the tavern, were, "This is a cold breakfast, boys, but we'll give the British a hot dinner; we'll have every dog of them before night."



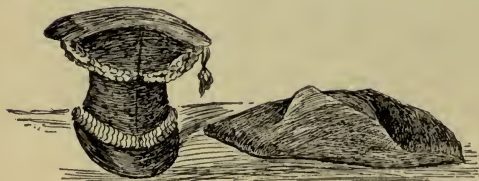
THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

**The Bacon
Homestead.**



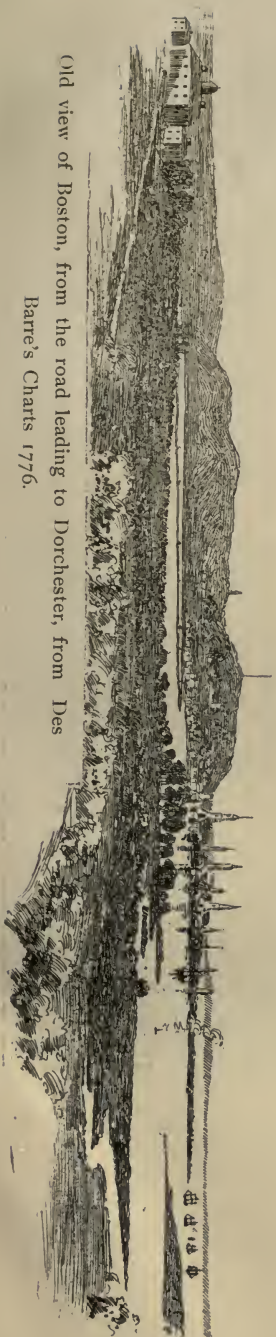
The house at the Bacon homestead is one of the most ancient in town, seven generations of the family having been born under its ancient roof.

**Road
Dividing the
Winthrop
Farm.**





View of Boston Harbor and the British Fleet, 1768.



Old view of Boston, from the road leading to Dorchester, from Des Barres's Charts 1776.



THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.



OLD HOLLY ST. CHURCH.

The Signal Lights.



ON the evening of April 18, 1775, the sexton of the Old North Church sat quietly in his house on Salem street awaiting the arrival of his friend, Capt. Thomas Barnard who was watching the move-

ments of the regulars; while on the other side of the river, Paul Revere watched and waited for the signals that notified him of their route. But the story of that gleam of light; that midnight ride, and cry of alarm, is well known to all readers of this book. The church is situated near the summit of Copp's hill, in the extreme north end of the city. It was built in 1728.

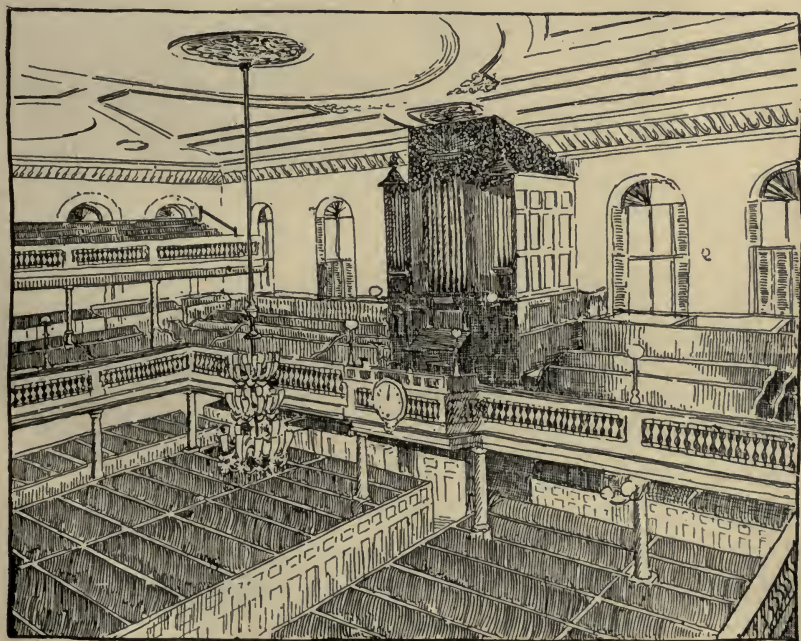
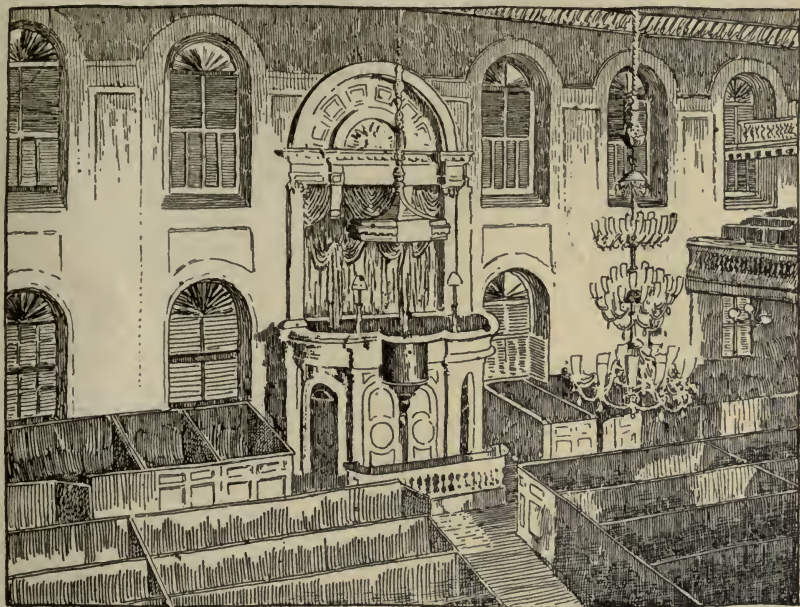


PAUL REVERE'S HOUSE.

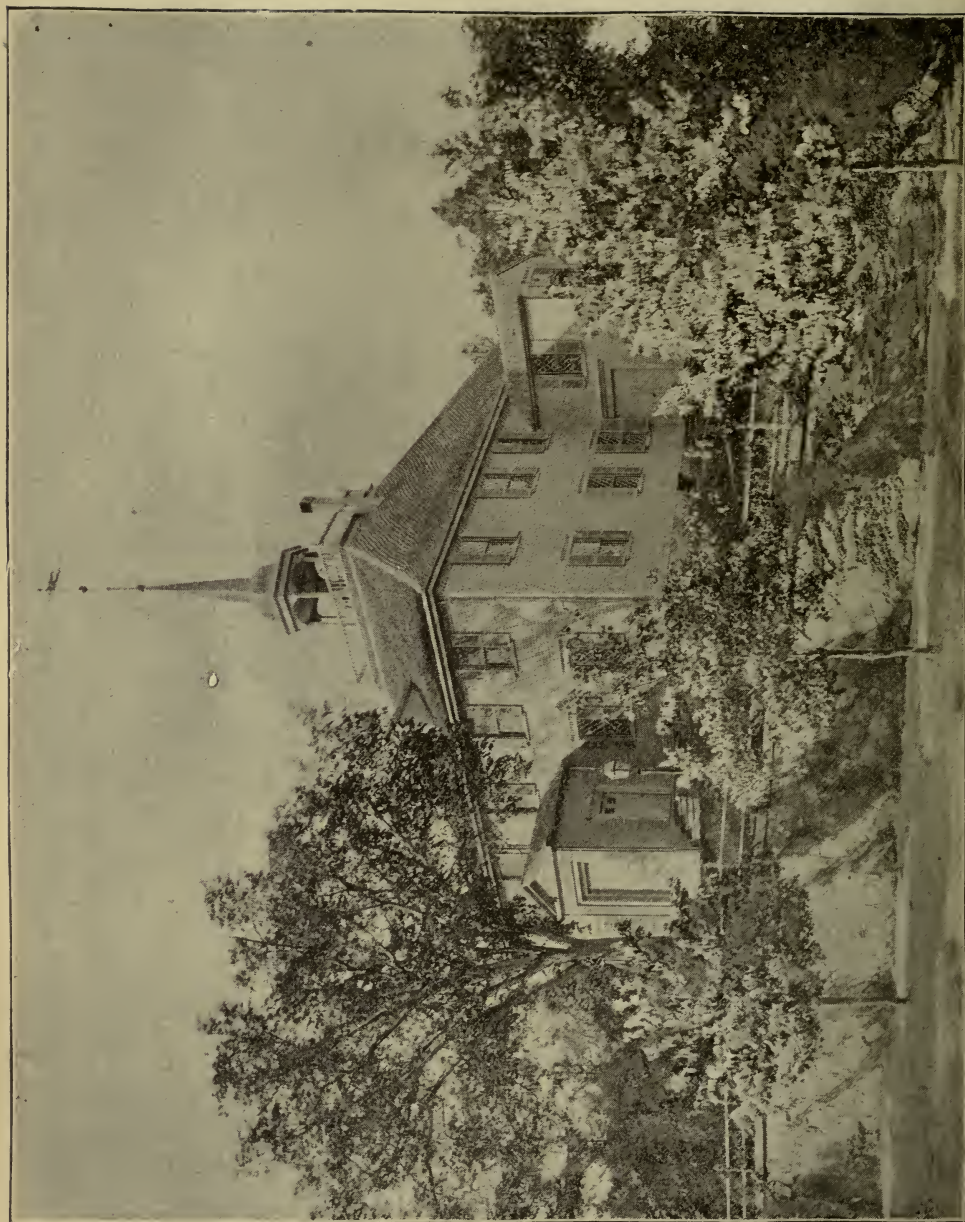


OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

Is on the corner of Washington and Milk streets. The society was organized in 1669. In this building Benjamin Franklin was baptized; Warren here delivered his famous speech on the anniversary of the Boston massacre; the "Tea Party" meetings were held here, and a multitude of patriotic associations cluster within these walls.



INTERIOR OF THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.



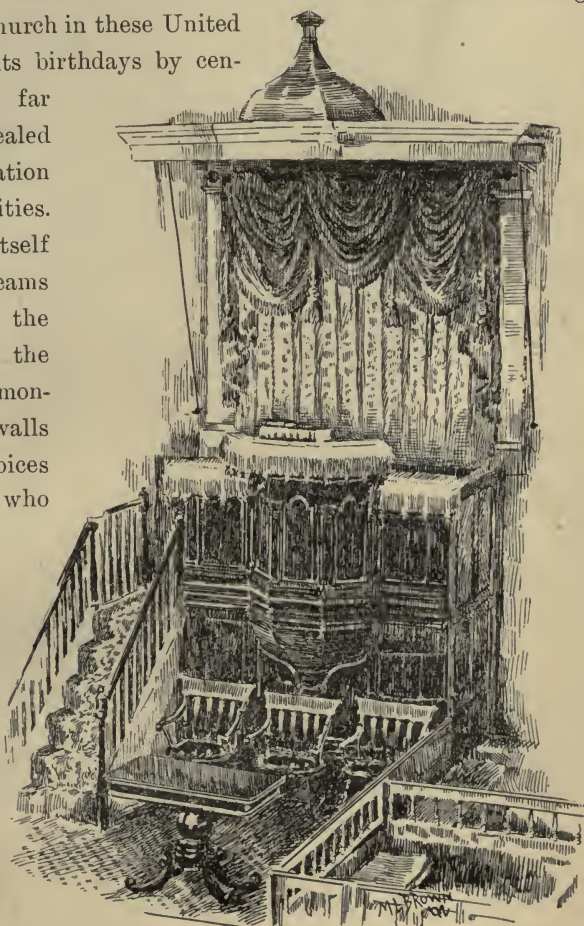
THE OLD HINGHAM MEETING-HOUSE.

**New England
Churches.**

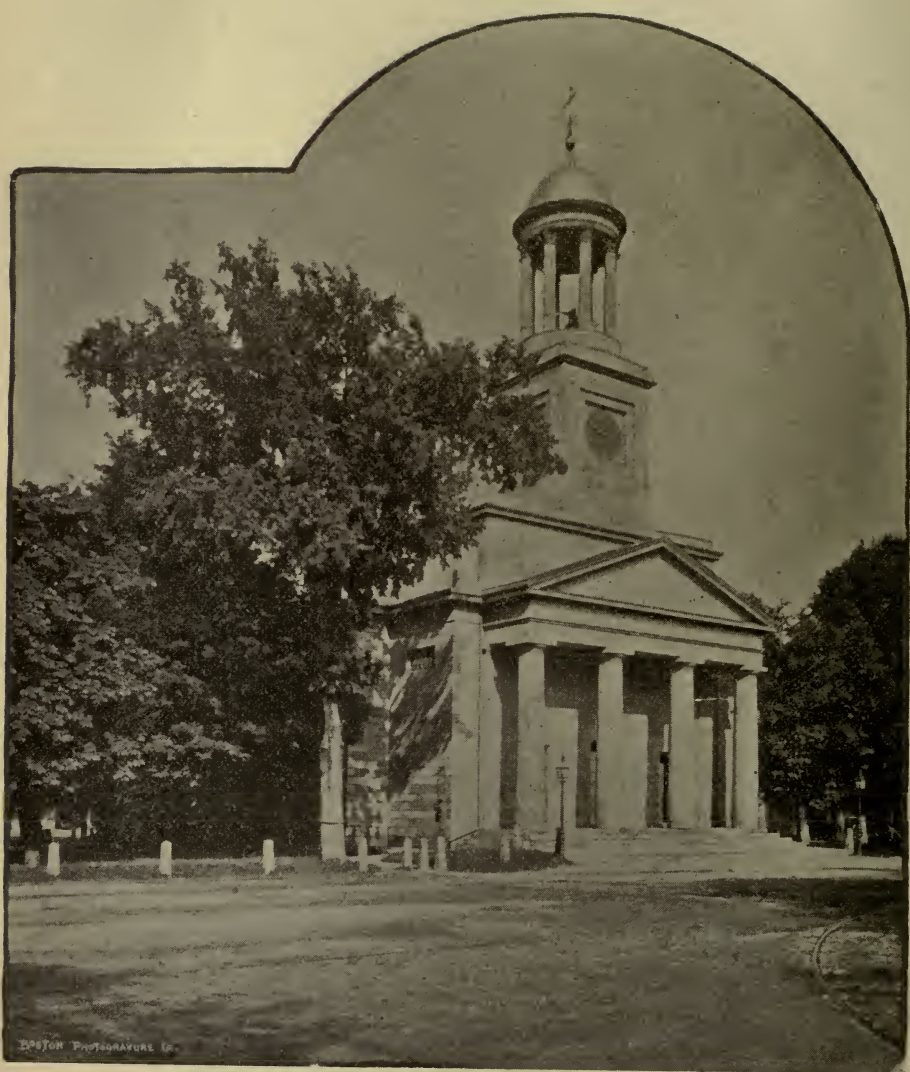


R. Price Collier in an article to the *New England Magazine* in 1893, writes about the old Hingham meeting-house and in the history of that church may be found the

history of the ancient churches of New England. The old Meeting-house in Hingham, was built in 1681, and is the oldest church building in the United States that has been used continuously for public worship. Time adds an element of preciousness to the things of this life which nothing else can give, and a church in these United States that numbers its birthdays by centuries has a value far greater than is revealed by the mere enumeration of its material qualities. That the building itself is old, that its beams were hacked out by the swinging axes of the founders of the Commonwealth, that the walls have echoed to the voices of the very men who braved the sea and the savage for freedom of worship, that one may touch to-day the very same substance touched by the men and women of two hundred and fifty years ago, that one may kneel before his God under the same



PULPIT IN HINGHAM MEETING-HOUSE.



THE OLDEST CHURCH IN QUINCY.

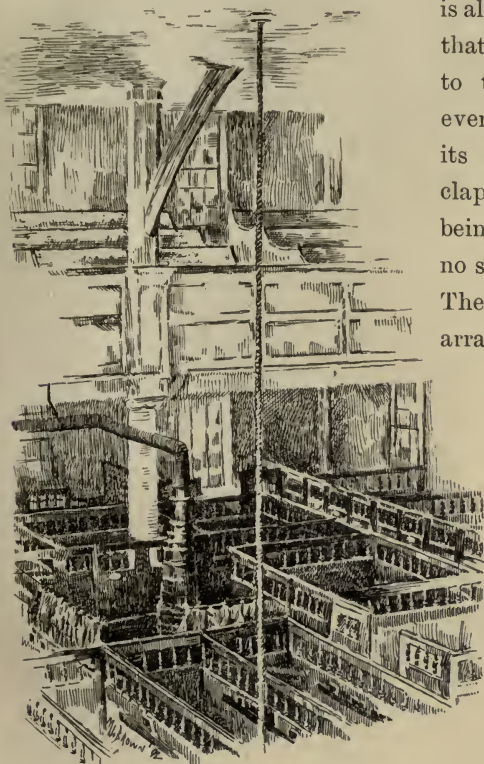
rafters where have knelt his ancestors for six or seven generations,—even these facts do not account for the intangible sacredness that escapes and remains after one has enumerated the sum of all its parts. It

is all that it is, multiplied by time, that makes it of so great account to those who worship in it, and even to those who only hear of its existence. The walls were clapboarded inside and out, this being more necessary as there were no stoves in the house until 1822. The seats were simple oak benches arranged in rows. The deacons

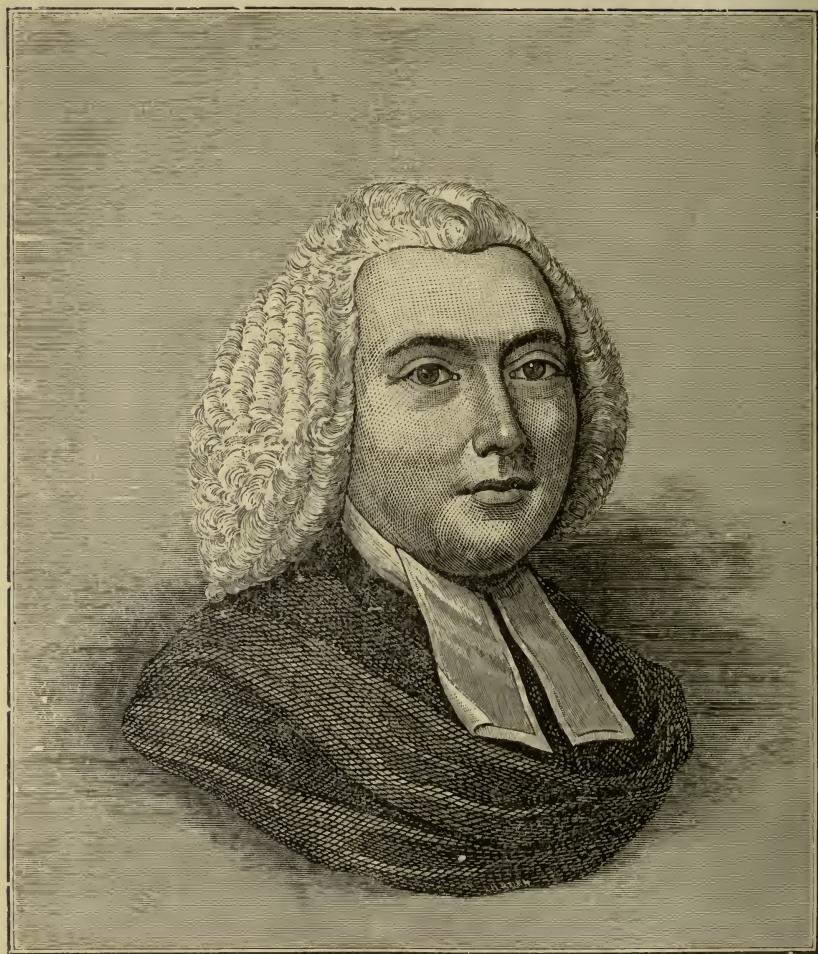
had their separate seat, and there was one pew reserved for the widow of the first minister and the wife of the second.

When one recalls the stoveless church, the three services, each of them longer than two of our services, the entire lack of facilities for transportation, no instrumental

music, and very nasal psalming for vocal music, one can but admit that these men endured much for the privilege of worship. It would be interesting to know something more than we do know about the feeling of the men and women of that time in regard to what is now called among Congregationalists, "the enrichment of the service." Their greatest antipathy was, of course, anything that smacked of popery, anything that had a Laudian tinge to it, and probably their music suffered from this. The Pilgrims of Plymouth brought with them as a hymn-book "The Book of Psalms Englished both in Prose and Meeter," which was the manual of Henry Ainsworth, and this book was used in Plymouth as late as 1692. Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the psalms was the book used by the



A CORNER IN THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.



Jonathan Mayhew

A Former Pastor of the Old West Church, Boston.



A MEMBER OF THE ORCHESTRA.

bass therewith. Several other musical instruments were introduced from time to time, a clarionet, tenor viol, violin bassoon and flute, but the bass-viol and the flute were relied upon principally to give effect to the performance. For half a century—perhaps longer—one man played upon the bass-viol, and this light-hearted old man of ninety, whose death some years ago seemed to take some of the sunlight out of the parish, would talk with interest of those days before the “godless box of whistles” was introduced into the church.

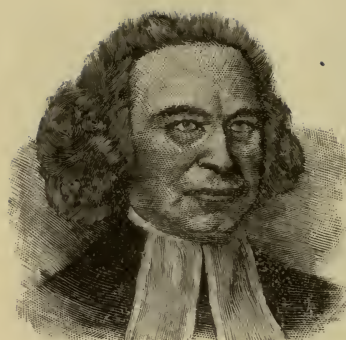
Both in their church manners and church music, however, these descendants of the Laud-baited Puritans kept to a strictly simple and almost stiff service.

Puritans who settled Massachusetts. The method employed in singing was much the same in all the churches; one of the elders read a single line, and those who could sing arose in different parts of the meeting-house, and repeated it after him, and so on until the psalm was finished.

At the very beginning of this century (1801), a bass-viol was bought by the parish, and Mr. Barnabas Lincoln was invited to assist in leading the



FIRST CHURCH, ROXBURY.



REV. EBENEZER GAY.

For many years in New England the clergy were much more than church functionaries. They furnished to the people their literary pabulum and their social centre as well. As one looks to one's journal

The mortification of the flesh entailed by hard and backless seats, and a theology almost as hard and demanding equally with the seats uncommon endurance in the vertebræ, was part of the joy of the service. It is not to be wondered at therefore that a boy being switched upon the horse-block outside, for inattention inside the meeting-house, was often an accompaniment of the Lord's Day observances.



THE THIRD MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON, 1711.

or magazine to-day for comment, criticism and exposition, so in those days the people looked to the sermon of the village minister.

Wherever one finds to-day in the west, the south or the north the men whose ancestors sat in the old meeting-houses of these old New England towns one finds men self-reliant, independent and actively interested in the affairs both of church and state. What the rough training of the wilderness did for them has filtered down into the blood of their descendants.



REV. JOHN BAILEY.

John Bailey was a preacher of wide reputation. In their journals, John Winthrop and Judge Sewell frequently speak of going to Watertown to hear him; and Bailey has left, in his reports of his own sermons, pen-pictures of his audience that show representatives of eight or ten different towns. He had been imprisoned in England for his refusal to conform, and was sent over seas because he refused to sell himself for a bishopric. His consuming zeal and his prison life sent him prematurely to his grave.



THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.

The Washington Elm, Cambridge, under whose shade July 3, 1775,
Washington first drew his sword as general of
the colonial forces.

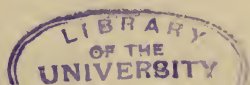


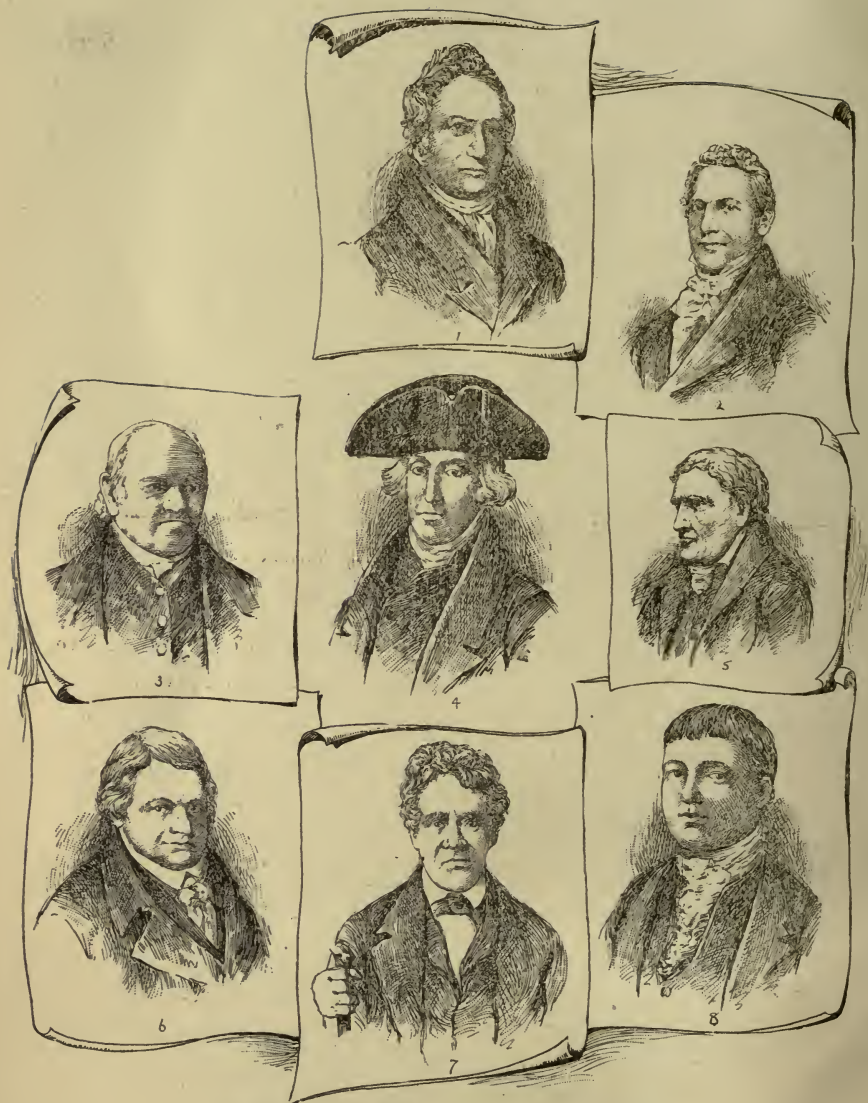
THE OLD COOLIDGE TAVERN. WATERTOWN.

Hither, on the 2d of July, 1776, came George Washington, on his way to take command of the continental forces about Boston, slept over night in the Coolidge tavern, and the next morning attended divine service in the meeting-house.



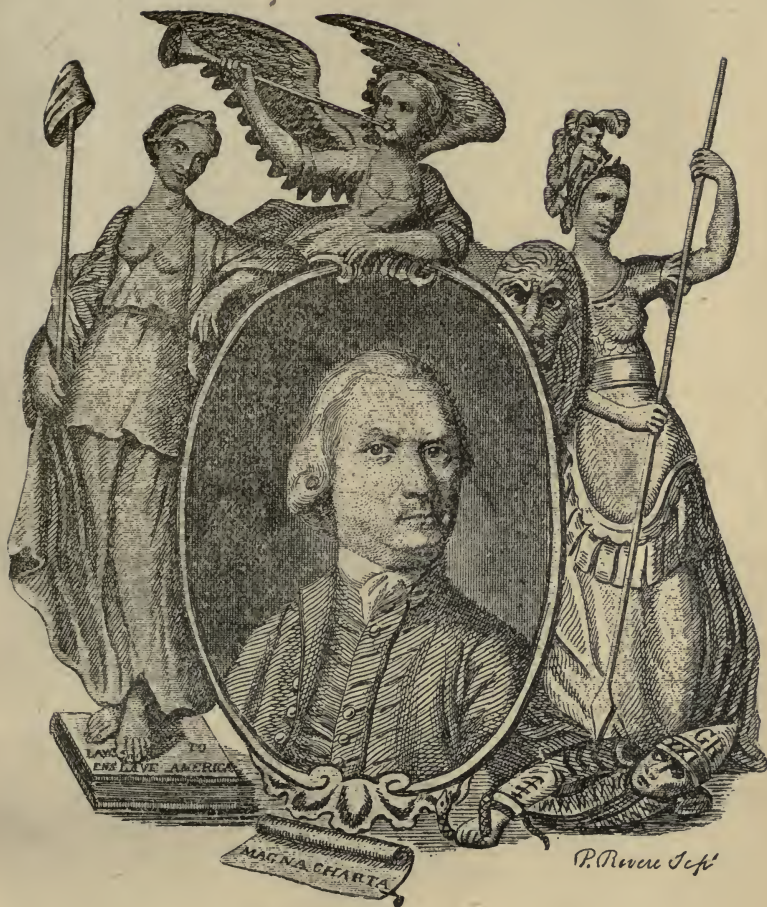
FANEUIL HALL BEFORE ITS ENLARGEMENT.





MEMBERS OF THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Henry Purkitt, | 5. George R. T. Howes, |
| 2. Joseph Lovering, | 6. Nathaniel Bradley, |
| 3. Samuel Sprague, | 7. David Kinnison, |
| 4. Thomas Melvill, | 8. Lendall Pitts. |



Saml Adams.

FROM THE ENGRAVING BY PAUL REVERE.

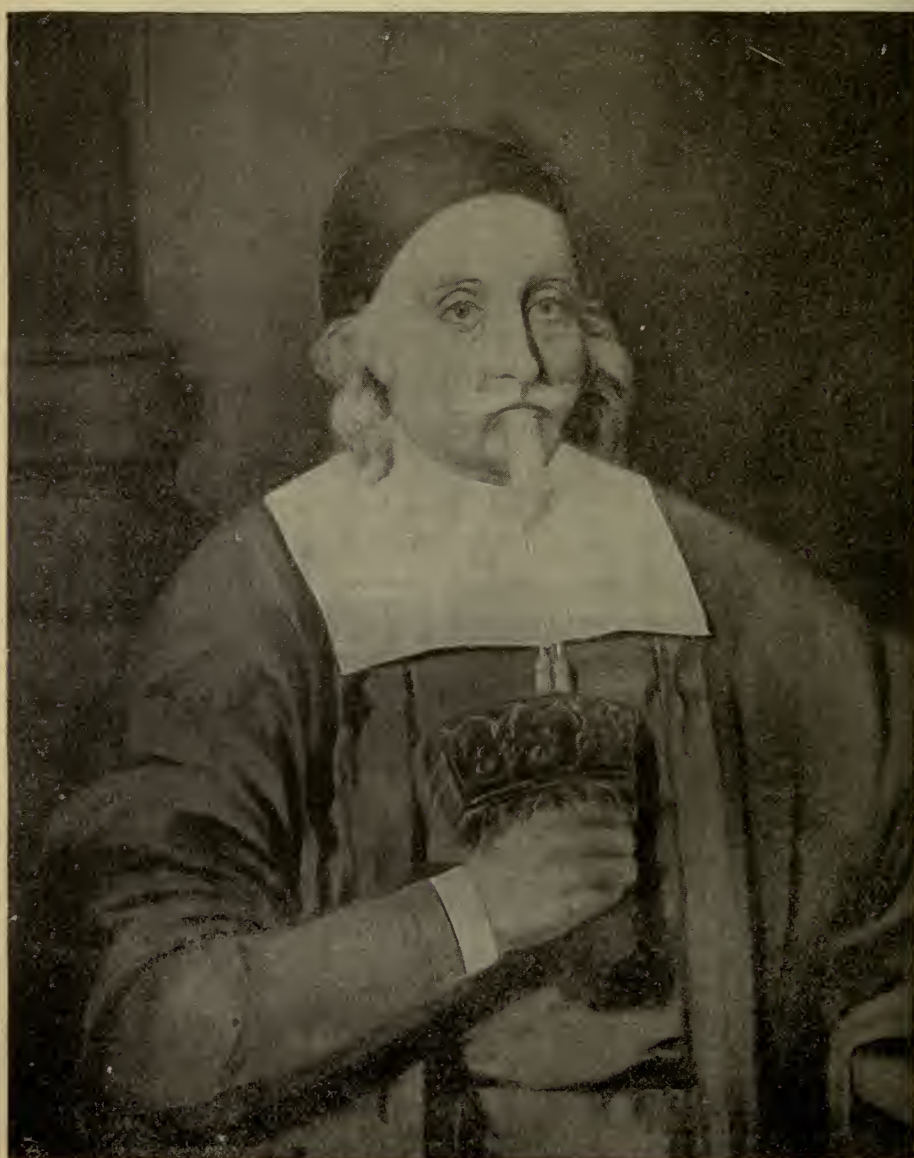


THE STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.



FANEUIL HALL, THE "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."





GOV. ENDICOTT.



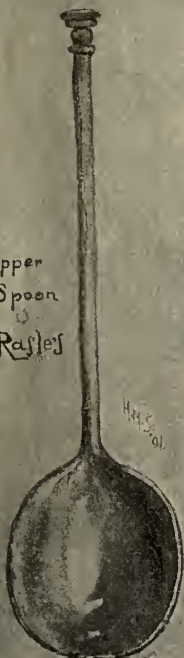
GOV. BRADSTREET.



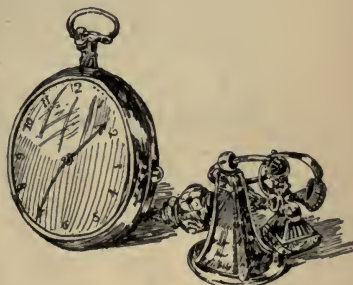
THE CAPT. ISAAC DAVIS MONUMENT, ACTON.

Capt. Davis was the first to fall, instantly killed by the volley of British guns at Concord.

A
Copper
Spoon
of
Razley



His Iron
Cajket





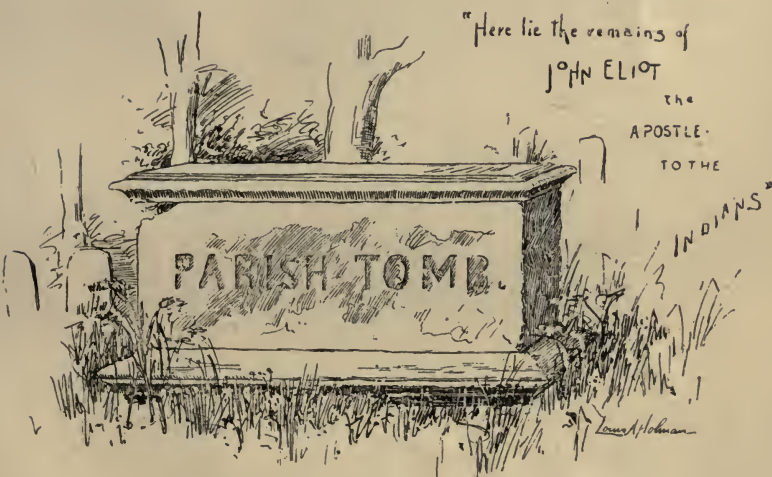
17th CENTURY PORTRAITS.



The Van Rensselaer House at Greenbush as it appears to-day.
The Birthplace of "Yankee Doodle."

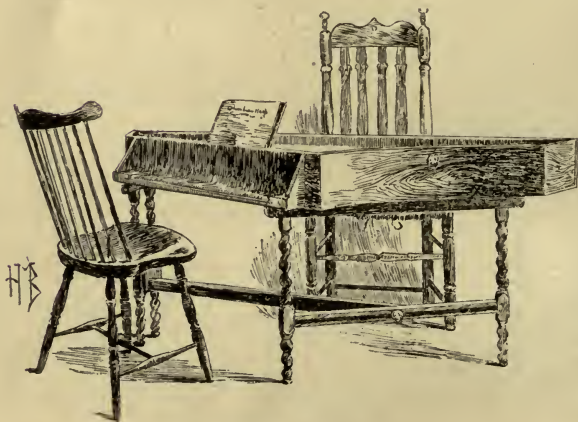


OLD CLOCK, BEDFORD CHURCH.





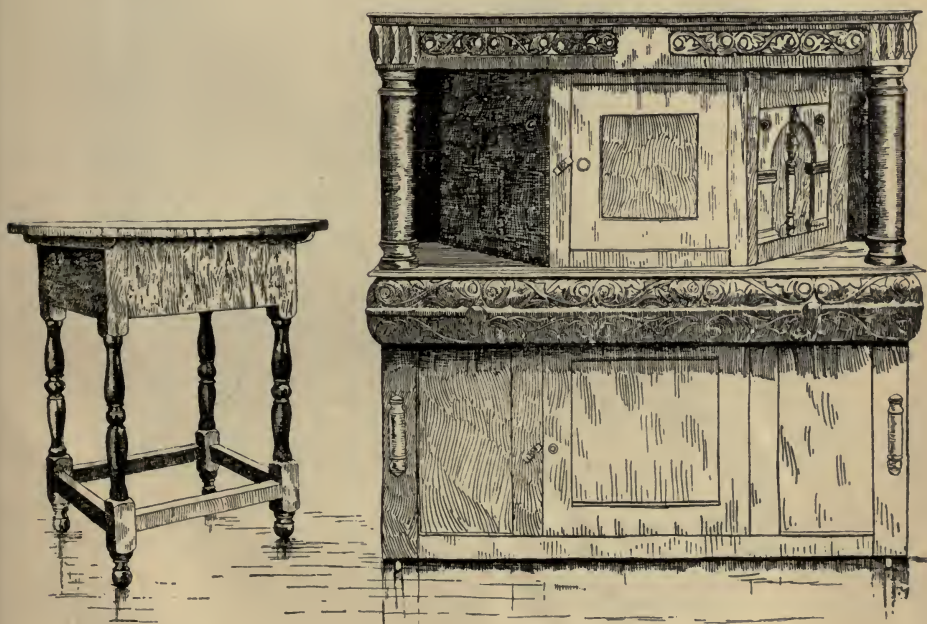
THE GREEN DRAGON.



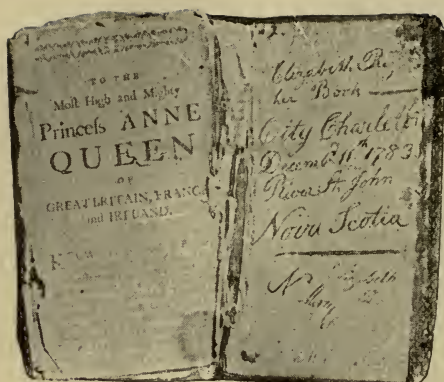
THE SPINET.



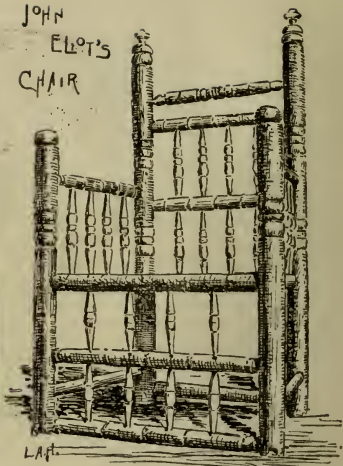
ANCIENT FAMILY PLATE.



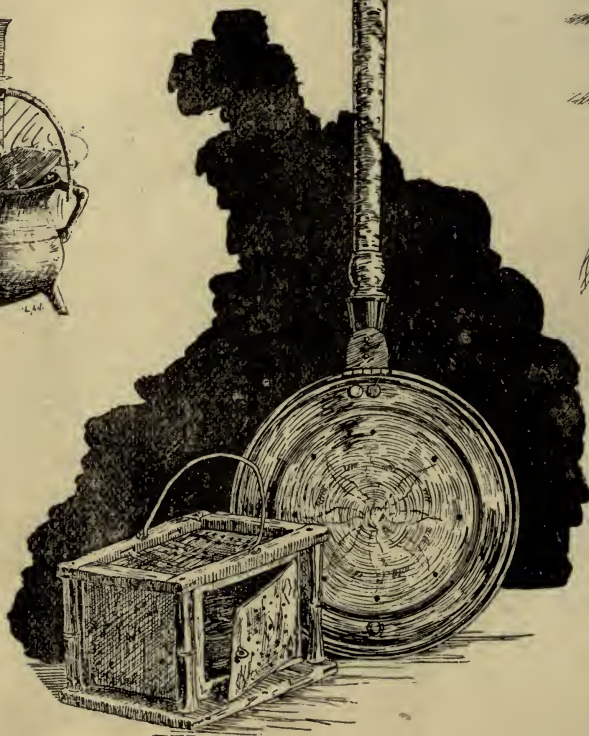
AN ANCIENT CARD TABLE AND SIDE-BOARD.



JOHN
ELIOT'S
CHAIR



First piece
of hollow-ware
cast in
America
1644





COMFORT AT THE OLD-FASHIONED FIRE SIDE.



From the engraving of Boughton's celebrated painting, by permission of Knoedler & Co.

PRISCILLA.

PRISCILLA.

BY HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.

I climb the bare, brown hill,
The hollows hide a gleam of lingering snow,
The April winds blow chill,
And icy cold the tinkling waters flow.

Dark alders bow to me,
Yellow and brown with burning tips of red,
Their limp tags tossing free;
The pussy-willow nods her downy head.

Though winter lingers long,
I see the sky serene and clear and blue;
I hear a robin's song;
I brush the ground-pine, wet with frosty dew.

I walk in shadows dim,
Where plummy boughs of perfumed pines hang low,
I hear their holy hymn;
The forest's silence, and its psalm I know.

Soft shadows flicker down
On scaly cones, gray moss, and dead sweet-fern;
I scan the carpet green,
And fancied patterns faintly I discern.

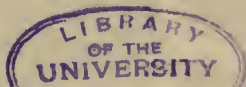
Though rude the air, and chill
With melting snow, and winds are blowing keen,
The pink arbutus still
Steps bravely out, hooded in brown and green.

From blast and frost and ice,
She gathers strength, with craft both wise and sweet;
She stores her hoards of spice;
In poverty, rounds out a life complete.

Here on New England hills
Dwell mayflower maidens, brave and fair and good,
Whose sturdy sweetness fills
Each lonely home, as these perfume the wood.

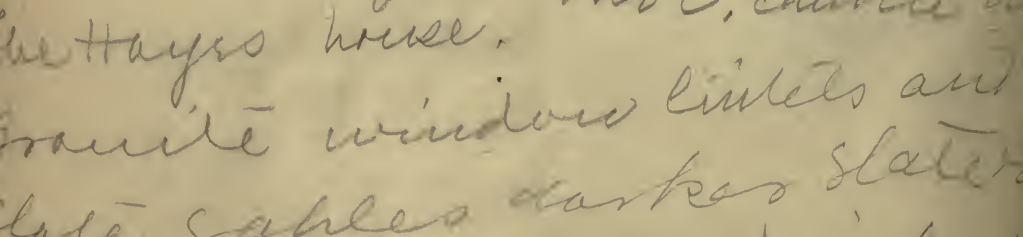
So in our grandsire's day
Priscilla grew, in war's and woe's despite,
Till, like the flower of May,
Her blushing spring put frost and gloom to flight.

Sweet-vested Pilgrim flower,
Daughter of sun and snow, and peace and wrath,
Give to us girls for dower
Such strength and sweetness as the mayflower hath.



By the water.

At the Antiquarian rooms we
are a tall black & white
one hand, which keeps
good time
all.



Old Meeting House in which was held the
second and third sessions of the
Provincial Congress.

Shoreline Pier
made from Shag bark
Sumach trees cut on
Shoreline Pier



Concord Antiquarian Society

... at right
intervals, projecting cable stops
like knobs on a shield. The lintels
and the base were formed by finely cut
granite blocks and at the base
the base were granite blocks. The
base were granite blocks. The



UNION STATION, BOSTON.

BOSTON & MAINE
and
FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

Exterior and Interior Views.

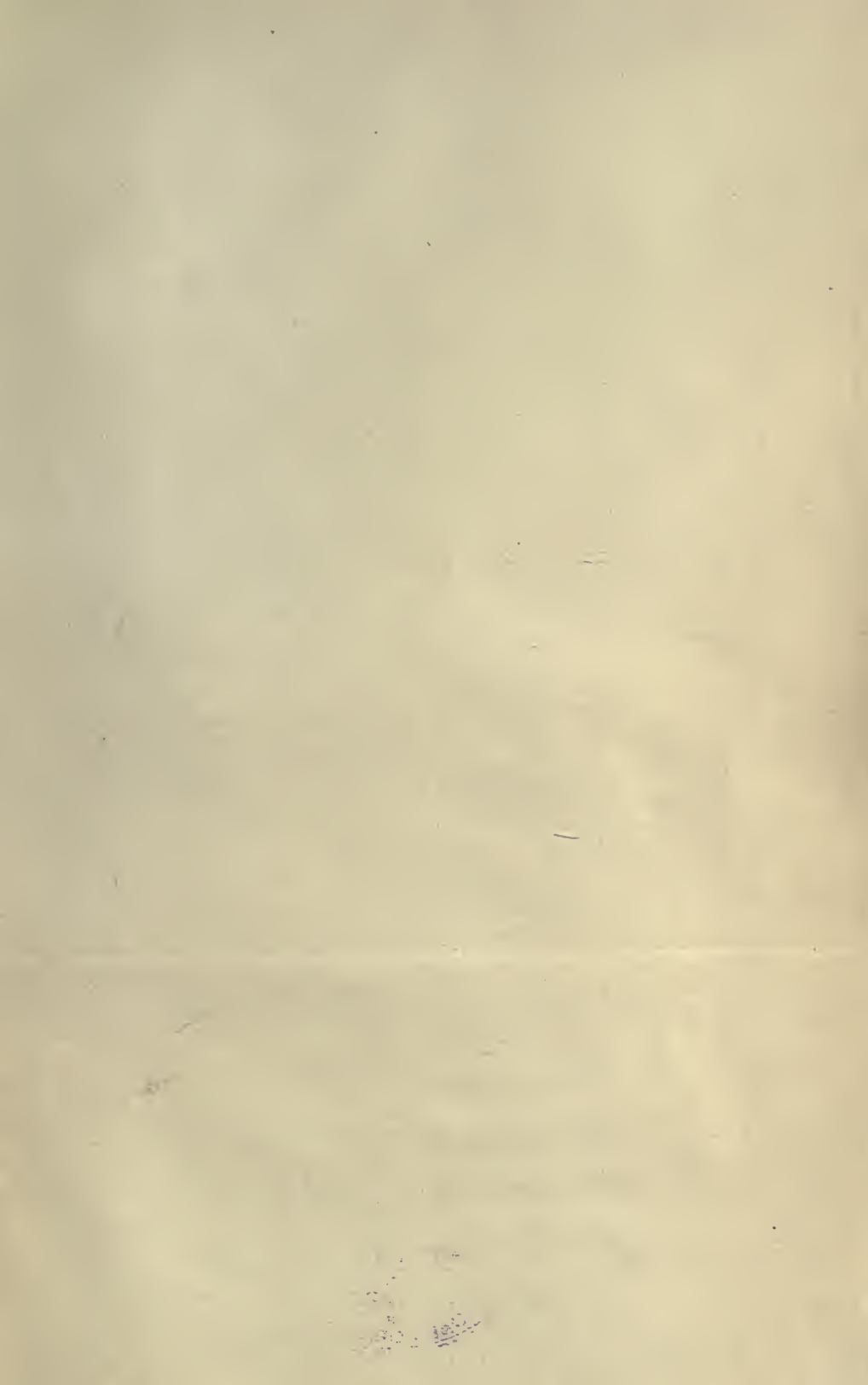


... CONCORD ...

AND TOWNS ABOUT THIS
HISTORICAL LOCALITY

MAY BE REACHED BY TAKING
CARS AT THIS STATION.





THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

FEB 22 1946

JUN 22 1946

13 Dec '49 Jc

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